

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Making It Unanimous

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Mariette caught her breath as, unfolding the check that had just dropped from the letter, she saw it was for a hundred dollars. She stared at it doubtfully—the sum was so far past belief. And she had expected nothing beyond the warm thanks rendered by those strong motor folk for the small help she had rendered. She could not understand what had moved her to run out into the highway and tell them of the bridge destroyed, the mile of road left impassable by the recent flood and direct them to the old turnpike high on the hillside by which they had vanished. Evidently they had got her name from the post box. The note ran:

"We hope, my brother and I, that you will accept the inclosure, and buy with it something you may care to have and keep in memory of your immeasurable service to us. But for your kindness, we could not have reached the best of fathers before the end. Please do not think we offering pay for it—we are only putting ourselves in your place as far as we may; to us a concrete token of a good deed could not be unwelcome."

"Wishing you all the beautiful things you deserve, we ask you to believe us, always

"Gratefully your friends,

"ALICE AND LINDSAY WARE."

Again Mariette caught her breath. So they were not married, as she had thought almost enviously. It must be so fine to go with the one you loved best all through a summer world, with no care beyond roads and weather. No such luck for her—she would die as she had been born, poor, thwarted, hampered by fate and the something within that would not let her finish from the weight laid upon her. A weight irritatingly commonplace—filling in chinks, stopping gaps in the household that ran so slackly under Aunt Em's sway. If only she had a free hand—but Aunt Em was "fussy" regarding her prerogatives, also of an explosive temper regarding affronts to her dignity. Mariette stayed with her, an unpaid, unthankful servant, trying to pay a debt she was never allowed to forget—the money Aunt Em had spent to keep Mariette's father comfortable in the hospital until he died of his broken back. That had taken two years, so the charge was really something considerable. But say in her mind, Mrs. Emma Grayson Twynning did not feel it. A childless widow, with a fine farm and money ahead, she had no need even to be thrifty. Thrifty, how ever, she was—the neighbors said, among themselves, "as close as the bark to a tree." Except toward Luke Twynning, her husband's grandson—him she pampered lavishly, not reckoning the cost.

Mariette got food, good food, clothes that were mostly second hand, and the wildest, stuffiest of the upstairs room, a roomful of ragged furniture. She had new shoes once a year—Aunt Em's old small feet. But the shoes came out of the egg money—which Mariette earned several times over, Christmas and birthday she got five dollar bills. Luke had tried once to thrust a ten into her hand—and had had it returned to him, along with a stinging slap. Mariette would not have given it had she dreamed what would come of it. Luke, who had regarded her mildly with lordly patronage, dropped a keen interest in her upon finding she withheld him.

He was so persistent, utterly so, that she felt the need of a breakaway. Aunt Em would stand by him, whatever he might say or do—continuous finding of him Mariette knew might be dangerous. Until now she had been hopeless of escape. Nobody within walking range would harbor her or give her paying work; her scant savings would not take her far and leave anything over for food and shelter. Not a valuable remained to her. Even her silver spoon and her mother's wedding ring had gone into the maw of hospital expenses. Scanning the check, unseeing she folded it and slipped the letter inside her blouse, barely in time. As she gathered together the miscellaneous heap of mail resting at her feet, Luke reined in a yard away, saying in lordly manner: "What's there? Anybody left me a million this morning?"

"Were you expecting it?" Mariette asked, handing up to him

a letter and turning toward the house.

"Wait," he said imperatively, tearing open the letter. "Ma-

have to answer this in a hurry—and you'll have to copy it—I write such a poor list."

"And your spelling proves you've been through college," Mariette unwisely laughed.

A muttered oath started her. Luke was tearing the notes to bits his face livid with passion. "You will have to answer this—this hussy," he said through set teeth. "I'm going to marry you and show her I wanted her money—not herself."

"There'll be two words—maybe more—to that bargain," Mariette flung back, running away, her hands locked hard above the hiding place of her precious letter.

Suppose it had not come—suppose she had not read it unseen. She shivered at the thought, but when she delivered mail to Aunt Em, she was her usual stolid self. Aunt Em buried herself in her favorite story paper, saying absently: "Go on now and help Mam Dilsey, with the peach preserves—and dinner. Better have it late—Luke said he was going for all day—but I somehow think he'll be home around 2 o'clock."

Mariette bowed obediently and ran away. But not to the preserving—instead to her own place. There she dragged out a suitcase, crammed the best and least cumbersome of her clothes inside, put on her newest shoes, then slipped out the back way, losing herself in hazel thickets beyond the orchard, through which she won finally unseen by any eyes to the road leading to the railway.

She never quite knew how she traversed it, how she climbed breathless aboard a train providentially late. But she will never forget the despair that fell on her when a kindly conductor shook his head over the check, in spite of the letter, but offered to carry her at his own risk to the stop nearest Wareham—he knew the place well. He waved away the huddle of silver she tried to force upon him, saying compassionately:

"Keep it—for hard times." To himself he added mentally: "Won't be hard times for her, if she's all right and the check all right. I know the Ware." And thus it came to pass that mid-afternoon Mariette found herself facing Miss Alice Ware, white and trembling, but saying steadily: "Indeed, indeed! I'm no beggar—if only you'll help me get a start, I can make my way."

She had told her plight. Miss Ware had choked over it a little, but her voice answered: "I am sure of that. It happens, though, we have special need of somebody like you to stay and cherish our dear grandmother. Lindsay and I are forced to leave for a while and certainly will not leave her alone. Will you take the place?"

Mariette nodded, because she could not speak, and sank down all but helpless, so great was her relief.

She grew to love Wareham—every stick and stone its flowery way, its lawns and shady nooks, even before the owners of it came back. She loved grandma, too—a gentlewoman of the finest, therefore kindly considerate of her companion.

Tactfully she provided proper garments for the girl, rejoicing to see her bloom into beauty between love and an easy mind. Genealogy was her hobby. She talked pedigrees and family half the time. Thus she found out that, through her mother, Mariette was a third cousin, once removed. Which of course, made all the difference in the world.

Especially after the grandchildren came home. They hardly knew this transformed Mariette, but quickly realized her charm. Six weeks later Alice said, after dinner, as the whole family sat around the laughing fire: "We are going to test you, Mariette. Will you of your great kindness do something that grandmamma and I have set our hearts on?"

"Anything, if it means breaking half the Ten Commandments," Mariette laughed back. "Speak! I shall be done!"

"It is only to marry our Lindsay," from Alice.

"What—what does he say?" Mariette gasped, flushing beautifully.

Lindsay took her hand in both his own, answering: "He's more than willing to make it unanimous."

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MEDIUM BROWN HAIR looks best of all after a Golden Glist Shampoo—Adv.

When answering advertisements, please say you saw it in The West Virginian.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Green Wizard Fooled

Nancy and Nick said they would be delighted to help the Green Wizard make his magic.

So wishing themselves up to the top of an old oak tree, the largest in Whispering Forest, they looked around for their new master.

Soon he came striding over the tree-top in his long green robe and welcomed them cordially.

"My, my, but I'm glad you've come," he said. "The orders for magical things have been coming in so fast my desk won't hold them all."

"Goodness!" cried Nancy. "Do you make magical things for everybody who asks you?"

"No," answered the Green Wizard. "Not until they have done something to show me they are sincere and hearty. But I have to watch the sixty so I don't get fooled."

"One day Mr. Scribble-Scratch, a fairy schoolmaster, sent me a magic adding pencil."

"Well, sir, I meant to say 'n' days' puzzling my brains over it but finally I got a pencil fixed up that only made a mistake about twice a week."

"I wrapped it up," went on the wizard, "and took it to his house myself. Who should be on the porch by Scamper Squirrel? 'Is Mr. Scribble Scratch at home?' sez I. 'I've something for him.'"

"No, sir!" sez Scamper. 'But you can leave it with me if you like.'"

"All right, sez I and handed it over."

"After that Mr. Scamper made one hundred after 'nothin' in arithmetic. And then I knew he'd kept the pencil. Yes, one has to be careful with magic."

"But come right along, children. My magic work-shop is in the big pine tree."

(To Be Continued.)

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Thanksgiving Sale

---beginning
Thursday
November 23rd

Osgood's Annual Period
of Pre-Holiday Reductions

Featuring

Dresses, Wraps, Suits, Blouses,
Skirts and Millinery

AT **1/3** OFF

(Tomorrow will be "Courtesy Day" on which the sale stocks will be available for inspection but nothing will be sold before Thursday morning.)

VERY timely, indeed, is the Annual Thanksgiving Sale for it brings storewide reductions on most wanted wearing apparel RIGHT AT THE TIME WHEN ONE IS MOST IN NEED OF NEW THINGS. This year we are including practically every Dress, Wrap, Suit, Blouse, Skirt and Hat in the store in this event which will run from Thursday morning until Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving. The few items excepted from the flat reduction of One-Fifth are some of our newly received evening gowns and most luxurious wraps. These particular items were purchased at special prices and, consequently, the regular selling marks are as low as they possibly can be made. So many women in Fairmont and the surrounding communities always await the Thanksgiving Sale and its lowered prices that we anticipate a busy time of it beginning Thursday morning and we urge you to be present as early as possible if you have in mind choosing new garments or hats while the savings are available.

Purchases On Regular Charge Accounts Will
Appear On January Statements

If you have an Osgood's charge account you will not be called upon to make payment for purchases in this sale until after the holiday season has passed. Your selections will appear on statements rendered January 1st, instead of December 1st.

Six Selling Days
from Thursday the
23rd to Wednesday
the 29th

Osgood's
for
Quality

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Will Carry Our
Page Ad Fully Describing
the Things on
Sale

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the Savings on the Lines
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Regular Price \$12.50	Sale Price \$10.00	You will Save \$2.50
Regular Price \$15.00	Sale Price \$12.00	You will Save \$3.00
Regular Price \$15.95	Sale Price \$12.75	You will Save \$3.20
Regular Price \$19.75	Sale Price \$15.80	You will Save \$3.95
Regular Price \$22.50	Sale Price \$18.00	You will Save \$4.50
Regular Price \$25.00	Sale Price \$20.00	You will Save \$5.00
Regular Price \$27.50	Sale Price \$22.00	You will Save \$5.50
Regular Price \$29.50	Sale Price \$23.60	You will Save \$5.90
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Regular Price \$35.00	Sale Price \$28.00	You will Save \$7.00
Regular Price \$37.50	Sale Price \$30.00	You will Save \$7.50
Regular Price \$39.50	Sale Price \$31.60	You will Save \$7.90
Regular Price \$42.50	Sale Price \$34.00	You will Save \$8.50
Regular Price \$45.00	Sale Price \$36.00	You will Save \$9.00
Regular Price \$47.50	Sale Price \$38.00	You will Save \$9.50
Regular Price \$49.50	Sale Price \$39.60	You will Save \$9.90
Regular Price \$52.50	Sale Price \$42.00	You will Save \$10.50
Regular Price \$55.00	Sale Price \$44.00	You will Save \$11.00
Regular Price \$59.50	Sale Price \$47.60	You will Save \$11.90
Regular Price \$65.00	Sale Price \$52.00	You will Save \$13.00
Regular Price \$69.50	Sale Price \$55.60	You will Save \$13.90
Regular Price \$75.00	Sale Price \$60.00	You will Save \$15.00
Regular Price \$79.50	Sale Price \$63.60	You will Save \$15.90
Regular Price \$85.00	Sale Price \$68.00	You will Save \$17.00
Regular Price \$89.50	Sale Price \$71.60	You will Save \$17.90
Regular Price \$95.00	Sale Price \$76.00	You will Save \$19.00
Regular Price \$100.00	Sale Price \$80.00	You will Save \$20.00
Regular Price \$105.00	Sale Price \$84.00	You will Save \$21.00
Regular Price \$110.00	Sale Price \$88.00	You will Save \$22.00
Regular Price \$115.00	Sale Price \$92.00	You will Save \$23.00
Regular Price \$119.50	Sale Price \$95.60	You will Save \$23.90
Regular Price \$125.00	Sale Price \$100.00	You will Save \$25.00
Regular Price \$129.50	Sale Price \$103.60	You will Save \$25.90
Regular Price \$135.00	Sale Price \$108.00	You will Save \$27.00
Regular Price \$139.50	Sale Price \$111.60	You will Save \$27.90
Regular Price \$145.00	Sale Price \$116.00	You will Save \$29.00
Regular Price \$150.00	Sale Price \$120.00	You will Save \$30.00
Regular Price \$159.50	Sale Price \$127.60	You will Save \$31.90
Regular Price \$165.00	Sale Price \$132.00	You will Save \$33.00
Regular Price \$169.50	Sale Price \$135.60	You will Save \$33.90
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